

The second part of

Doll I cannot speake, if my hart be not ready to burst: wel
sweete Iacke, haue a care of thy selfe.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

Host. Wel, fare thee wel, I haue knowne thee these twentie
nine yeeres, come pease-cod time, but an honeste, and truer
hearted man: wel, fare thee wel.

Bard. Mistris Tere-sheete.

Host. Whats the matter?

Bard. Bid mistris Tere-sheete come to my maister.

Host. O runne Doll, runne, runne good Doll, come, shee
comes blubberd, yea? wil you come Doll? *exunt*

Enter Iustice Shallow, and Iustice Silens.

Sha. Come on, come on, come on, giue me your hand sir,
giue me your hand sir, an early stirrer, by the Roode: and how
doth my good coosin Silens?

Si. Good morrow good coosine Shallow.

Sha. And how doth my coosin your bedfellow? and your
fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Si. Alas, a blacke woofel, coosin Shallow.

Sha. By yea, and no, sir, I dare say my coosin William is be-
come a good scholler, he is at Oxford stil, is he not?

Si. Indeeede sir to my cost.

Sha. A must then to the Innes a court shortly: I was once
of Clements Inne, where I thinke they wil talke of mad Shal-
low yet.

Si. You were calld Lusty Shallow then, coosin.

Sha. By the masse I was calld any thing, and I would haue
done any thing indeede too, and roundly too: there was I, and
little Iohn Doyt of Staffordshire, and blacke George Barnes,
and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotsole man, you
had not foure such swinge-bucklers in all the Innes a court a-
gaine, and I may say to you, wee knewe where the bonarobes
were, and had the best of them all at commaundement: then
was Iacke Falstaffe, now sir Iohn, a boy, and page to Thomas
Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

Si. This sir Iohn, coosin, that comes hither anone about
his

Henry the fourth.

souldiers?

Sha. The same sir Iohn, the very same, I see him breake
Skoggins head at the Court gate, when a was a Cracke, not
thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Samson
Stockefish a Fruiterer behinde Greyes Inne: Iesu, Iesu, the
mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see how many of my olde
acquaintance are dead.

Si. We shal all follow, coosin.

Sha. Certaine, tis certaine, very sure, very sure, death (as the
Plalmist saith) is certaine to all, all shall die. How a good yoke
of bullockes at Samforth faire?

Si. By my troth I was not there.

Sha. Death is certaine: Is old Dooble of your towne li-
uing yet?

Si. Dead sir.

Sha. Iesu, Iesu, dead! a drew a good bow, and dead? a shot
a fine shoote: Iohn a Gaunt loued him well, and betted much
money on his head. Dead? a would haue clapt ith clowt at
twelue score, and carried you a forehand shaft a fourtene and
foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a mans heart
good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

Si. Thereafter as they bee, a score of good ewes may bee
worth ten pounds.

Sha. And is olde Dooble dead?

Si. Here come two of sir Iohn Falstaffes men, as I thinke.

Enter Bardolfe, and one with him

Good morrow honest gentlemen.

Bardolfe I beseech you, which is iustice Shallow?

Sha. I am Robart Shallowe, sir, a poore Esquier of this
Countie, and one of the Kings iustices of the peace: what is
your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine, sir, commends him to you, my Cap-
tain sir Iohn Falstaffe, a tall gentleman, by heauen, and a most
gallant Leader.

Sha. He greeetes me wel, sir, I knew him a good backsword
man: how doth the good Knight? may I aske how my Ladie
his